The Murder Trio - How It Began

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The Murder Trio - How It Began

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will meets Antony in Florence again during one of Dr. Lecter's lectures at the Palazzo Vecchio which bores him out of his mind. Anthony comes in late and sits next to him. Recognizing him from the hunt of the Fells in France, Will's attraction to the other omega burns up again. Will feels like provoking his alpha and soon leaves with Anthony. Hannibal catches them having sex in their lavish apartment once he returns. The alpha finds himself enjoying watching them and joins the action. Instead of killing Antony, and punishing Will, he lets him live and Antony becomes his second omega.

The Prequel to "Murder Trio - At The Opera"

Will sat among the renowned “dragons”, all the old, white Renaissance scholars of the *Studiolo.*The air was dry and filled with the dusty smell of books. A dozen exhibitions of old medieval torture instruments, displayed in glass cages, surrounded the audience like a trap. They dipped the room in an eery, morbid, and subtly menacing atmosphere. Yet most of the attendees, alphas and betas, didn’t really mind sitting next to the instruments that brought out the worst in mankind. All of the listeners were too enraptured by the lecture of Dr. Fell.

Will was beautifully coiffed and neatly dressed to fit into this refined circle of self-indulgent and arrogant alphas and betas His auburn curls hung loosely around his face, giving him a Botticelli look. The omega sported a tailored, navy blue Italian suit with a slim fit, a pastel blue dress shirt, and matching polished Italian leather shoes. His whole appearance radiated upper-class elegance. Luckily, Will didn’t have to wear an omega suit dress. He had insisted on a suit and his alpha had allowed it.

His legs trembled; he had a difficult time in keeping his legs still. Sometimes, he felt the curious eyes of an alpha or a beta burning on his neck where his silver mating scar was visible. Will had applied scent suppressors, but you'd never know. He didn't dare to turn around and check. Occasionally, he wondered if he should just go and leave in the break to spite his alpha and show him he was not his little dog, but he had to play a nice and admiring husband in public. His eyes darted back to the door once or twice when it was safe to do so.

Hannibal used the switch in his hand and the projector threw an image to the screen. Satan's three faces, half-immersed in ice, chewing on Brutus, Cassius, and Judas Iscariot, while weeping, appeared on the screen. "In accord with my own taste for the pre-Renaissance, I present the case of Pietro Della Vigna, whose treachery earned him a place in Dante's Hell."

Will's eyes stared at the image of Dante's nine circles of hell appearing on the screen.He gave his best to maintain the appearance of being invested, even though he didn't give a damn about the lecture on an old Italian poem and the devil itself. Hannibal could have projected himself to the wall and that would have been more fitting.

Will was aware that his public disinterest would be rude and humiliating to Hannibal and a breach of his alpha's code and rules would bring punishment with him.Knowing Hannibal, it could be a harsh punishment. The cannibal could be unpredictable and volatile, changing from calm to a blood-hungry beast within seconds. He had nearly killed Abigail. Now she was safe and sound, studying psychology at a university in Rome. Will inhaled sharply and smiled as their eyes met, although the narcissism of his alpha made him nauseous.Hannibal hinted a low pleased growl when he noticed Will's lowered head. Another flick of his hand and the picture changed again.

"He was disgraced and blinded for betraying his emperor's trust, " Hannibal continued calmly.

"Dante's pilgrim finds him in the seventh level of the Inferno, reserved for suicides.Like Judas Iscariot, he died by hanging.Judas and Pietro Della Vigna are linked in Dante's Inferno. "Betrayal and hanging, then, linked since antiquity, the image appearing again and again in art."

With slow, measured yet threatening steps, Hannibal stepped closer towards his mate and rested his hand on his shoulder. Will tensed under his touch. He understood the message behind the dominant posture.

No more missteps. Behave.

"This is the earliest-known depiction of the Crucifixion, carved on an ivory box in Gaul about A.D. four hundred.It includes the death by hanging of Judas, his face upturned to the branch that suspends him."

Hannibal took his hand off the shoulder and returned to the front.

The antiquated, heavy door creaked. A strangely familiar and distinctive scent, of vanilla and raspberry, wafted through the room and Will frowned as he recognized the scent. A slender man with grey-blonde hair entered quietly. He wore a tailored purple woolen coat and a

patterned scarf. His clothes looked expensive but also as if they had been worn quite a lot of times.The man sat down on the empty chair next to Will.

Will's eyes widened as he recognized the omega. This was *Antony Dimmond,* the man he had met a few months back in Paris with Hannibal. He had flirted with both of them.Things would have gone further if the alpha hadn't intervened and pushed Will to pursue the real Dr.Fell.

"Hello," the omega purred into his ear in his irresistible British accent.Will felt his hot breath against his neck and goosebumps spread on his skin. His ass produced slick, which made Will uncomfortable and aroused. He couldn't stay here very long.Hannibal would smell it, too.

"I believe we have met in Paris, *Andrej Jakov* or should I say, *Will Graham* ", he whispered. His blue-grey eyes took on a slight golden shimmer as he revealed his knowledge to Will.

Will returned the sly smile and cocked one eyebrow."Yes, I believe we have," he purred back. "How the hell did you find out my real name?"I've been reading the news," Antony grinned back. "Simple as that."

They tilted their heads back and followed Hannibal's lecture to not disrupt his lecture and draw the anger of the scholars to them.Will tried, at least. But it was insanely difficult. Arousal drowned out every other sane thought and his companion wasn't helpful either. Antony's fingers crept over his thighs and caressed the insides a few times. Will's breathing flattened. Heat spread through his body. Even though he knew their real identity and could be dangerous to them, Will desired him.

The other omega quickly withdrew his hand when Hannibal walked through the aisles and lingered in front of Antony and Will, scrutinizing them with a murderous, icy gaze. Will swallowed and gazed at the floor to signal submissiveness. A feeble whine made its way out of his throat. He hated that Hannibal drew attention to him.

Will's cheeks burned under the curious eyes of the other spectators. Will tried not to become too distressed, though. Hannibal inhaled Will's scent of arousal for a moment. Jealousy flickered in his maroon eyes.

"Welcome, Mr.Dimmond," the alpha said with a soft growl. The omega didn't flinch and held the intense gaze." We were just discussing the matter of betrayal in Dante's Inferno. If you are truly interested in the topic, I implore you to remain silent."

The heads of several scholars finally turned to them. Scandalized groans spread through the room. Furious, annoyed and curious eyes scrutinized them. Unimpressed by the threatening posture of the alpha and the intended humiliation, Antony grinned back at the alpha. "Seems like an appropriately hellish topic to talk about." He paused. "Please proceed. You do have my undivided attention now. I promise. I apologize for the rudeness" An Omegan purr rolled from his lips.

A shadow hushed over Hannibal's face as the omega had the sheet audacity to give him in order. Hannibal's mind wandered to his Rolodex in his mind palace, searching for a fitting

recipe to prepare out of this rude man's organs. Instead, he simply smiled back at Will's companion and obvious object of flirtation, pulled back his hand. "Thank you, Mr. Dimmond," he said. "I am also certain that you will find the next part interesting." He walked graciously back to the front, where he switched to another slide.

Will fidgeted the whole time in his seat as Hannibal went on with his lecture which seemed to drag on at an agonizingly slow pace. His attention drifted off. Hannibal's voice faded into the background. Heat rushed through his cheeks as Antony kept on secretly brushing his fingers against his thighs, then resting on his ass, squeezing it playfully.

When Hannibal announced a break, Will stood up swiftly, unable to bear the teasing anymore. He gaped at Antony who gave him an equal heated and sexy glance and breathed, "Yes, I'm up for it, fuck the lecture." Before leaving, Will flung another last checking gaze back at Hannibal who was now chatting avidly with some members of the studiolo. Antony noticed Will's hesitation and tugged at his hand.

"What are you waiting for? There will be no better opportunity if you want to leave this lecture", Antony whispered to Will, recognizing the hesitation. He clutched his wrist and dragged him out of the silent room of the palazzo into the busy, noisy Florence outside. The loud chattering and laughter of tourists and locals rushing through the narrow cobblestone streets, and the odor of the Arno, having been exposed to the heat for too long, formed a stark contrast to the silence and darkness inside the lecture hall.

Outside, Will shoved Antony against the stone wall, not bothering, and drew him into a fiery kiss, using his teeth a little. He grinned as he smelt the slick of his lover.

"Your place or mine?" Will panted and let Antony go again.

"I live outside the city. Florence is expensive after all," Antony answered, sliding his hands down Will's back and giving his assets a playful squeeze, satisfied when Will purred. "I assume your apartment will be closer."

"Yeah. We live near Santa Maria Novella."

Antony pressed his lips against Will's, tasting him greedily, his hands cupping his confined cock.Some tourists gave them a dubious look and covered the eyes of their children and hissed something hostile, but Will shut them out.The anticipation of the tryst and Hannibal's reaction to it was more thrilling.

"Come on, let's go," he murmured and pushed Antony away. He walked himself and Antony through the charismatic alleys with ice cream parlors and tourist shops at each side of the alleys, through the crowded piazza, where tourists were milling about until reaching their apartment at Santa Maria Novella with a splendid view on the basilica and the surrounding piazza.

Once they had climbed the ancient auburn wooden staircase, not caring about the creaking stairs, and entered the apartment. They ripped the clothes off each other like starved beasts, accidentally knocking one or two statues and vases from the shelf as they slammed each other against the wall whilst going feral on each other. Antony's tailored Burberry clothes went

flying through the room first before Will's thousand-dollar naval blue suit was torn from his body. One or two cufflinks sprung off and dropped to the floor; some seams ripped in the process. But Will didn't care, he had a rich Alpha to take care of his wardrobe. It also felt good to spite him.

Will didn't allow Antony to admire the splendid frescoes on the walls and the ceiling, painted by Bruneschelli and other famous Italian Renaissance artists and the exquisite sculptures. He dragged his lover through the anteroom, the adjoint vast living room, and into their largest bedroom where his nest was located. Strangely enough, Will had missed the omega a lot, even though he didn't know him well.

"Oh, someone is eager, huh?. But he didn't fight. He wanted it the same way as Will wanted. Will nudged Antony into the fine, squishy golden silk sheets of the lavish king-size bed with the massive, golden headboard. Antony immediately opened his legs to accommodate Will between him. His eyes had turned to the brightest gold and matched the headboard.

A soft purr rumbled in his chest as Will rubbed his hard cock against his growing bulge. Will buried his nose in the crook of Antony's neck and inhaled his scent. Antony whined in pleasure as Will drew his lips over the sensitive skin on his neck and nibbled at the spot where his former mating scar was located. He grabbed Will's hand to lead them to his cock.

"Will...please," Antony panted as Will kept up the tease and sucked at the particular erogenous skin in his neck, instead of giving him what he wanted.

Will stopped and grinned at his lover, trapping him with his weight."You have to tell me what you want, Antony." He sucked at the left earlobe of Antony, causing the omega to whimper and thrash his legs. "Tell me, and I will make you happy."

"Suck me off….please." He batted his eyelashes in a flirtatious way.

"As you wish," Will breathed and grinned. In fact, he was curious about tasting him intimately, too. So Will clambered back, settled between Antony's lean thighs, nosed his balls and swallowed his whole length. Loud gasps and whines resounded in the chamber. Antony sang an aria of joy and lust. Will thoroughly enjoyed seeing the English poet coming undone and hearing his lustful screams.

Naturally, Hannibal noticed the two missing seats when the break of his lesson ended and everyone returned to their seats. Anger filled him up, but he couldn't let the audience see how unsettled he was by this recent development. Will should have waited and asked for permission to commence a tryst. Hannibal kept on going without giving off any signs of annoyance or anger. Instead, Hannibal handled the missing guests with grace.

The applause he earned was downright enthusiastic. It echoed through the hall. Some people even let out a decent whistle. Hannibal preened on that, but it didn't help to placate his irritation and impatience at losing control of the situation. He needed to get out.

The minutes, in which some of the scholars came to the front, and congratulated him, all eager to please him, passed by so slowly that it felt as if he would be strapped to the breaking

wheel.

Especially Professor Sogliato pained him. This rude, arrogant Florentine alpha really asked question after question and had the audacity of grinning in such a sadistic way at him. The worst part was that there will still other curious listeners behind him.

“Oh, *dottore*, do I bore you with my questions?” He asked in his nasal, condescending tone.

Hannibal clutched the edge of his cedar desk and gave his best to suppress anger and irritation to seep into the air.

Hearing this, he chuckled and gave Sogliato a thin-lipped, forced smile. “Not at all. I gladly answer your question. It just so happens that I have a mate to take care of.”

At this, Sogliato raised his eyebrows in a disdainful way. “Ah...I see,” he said. He bent forward. “Just a little warning. This studiolo doesn’t approve of scandals. If your..proclivities..become public, then I will make sure that your position will be given to a proper..Florentine man who knows how to behave.”

Sogliato had to die, this was out of the question. This rudeness could not be tolerated in any way. Hannibal’s mind raced, searching for a fitting recipe. Ah, yes. He would cut out his lungs, heart, and liver and make sibilo caratteristico and coratella con carciofi. For now he had to be patient. It would be too much of a coincidence if he killed him now.

Hannibal bowed his head to signal submission, which would definitely please the other alpha. Sogliato’s smug grin grew wider and a pleased silent growl escaped his throat.

“I will not disappoint you, Professor,” he said softly, touching Sogliato’s shoulder. “You see that I abhor scandalous behavior and I do not have the intention to be the center of gossip among such wonderful scholars.”

Sogliato drew back and straightened his body to full height in triumph. He still grinned in a disgusting self-satisfied way. “We will see about that, dottore. Buona notte.” He turned his back at Hannibal and made his way to the exit.

Hannibal quickly packed his stuff together and gave the other waiting alphas and betas a charming, apologizing smile and pointed to his Cartier watch on his wrist. “Mi spiace, ora devo andare adesso.” Polite as he was, he nodded to each and every one of them. And they weren’t as unforgiving or relentless as Sogliato. They were like the pencil lickers in Baltimore, swallowing everything he gave them with sorts of childlike enthusiasm.

“Si signore. Buona notte.”

“Fu un grande discorso. Grazie.”

Finally,the flock of sheep turned on their heels and left the room. Hannibal closed his eyes, savoring the silence, then doused the lights and put the chairs back swiftly before locking the entrance to the lecture hall in the Palazzo.

Hannibal moved with swift steps through Florence's tiny, narrow streets, knowing which popular sights to avoid. Florence was always crowded with tourists from all over the world. His thoughts strayed back to Will and his newest planned mischief. A grin slipped on his face. What a naughty, naughty boy. The anger made room for curiosity and arousal. Maybe a threesome wouldn't be so bad after all. Having arrived at their apartment, he admired the glow of the setting sun in the magnificent evening sky for another moment, before pushing the heavy door open and walking up the stairs. The heavy scent of Will's sex pheromones and another new scent, that of his lover, hung in the air.

Having locked the door behind him, he then walked through the apartment, putting his leather bag down, before pulling off his jacket, his hands already shaking a little in anticipation. Hannibal narrowed his eyes at the clothes sprawled carelessly on the floor, following the trail and the loud whimpers and gasps coming out of the largest bedroom in their studio. The alpha stepped into the bedroom and emitted a loud growl at the sight of Will thrusting into Antony and the sound of their melodic, pleasured whines rolling off their lips.

He inhaled the arousing, fevered aphrodisiac scent of sex pheromones and their slick, causing his eye color to change into fiery crimson red. Hannibal sensed his hindbrain slowly overpowering him at the heavenly sight of the entangled omegas, with Will slamming his relentlessly into Antony. Sex was the only thought in his mind right now. His cock leaked drops of precum against the front of his Versace boxer shorts. Specks of crimson appeared in his amber eyes which rested on Will's undulating hips and his peachy ass leaking a lot of gooey, translucent slick, fanning the fire within him even further.

Hannibal's fingers swiftly unbuttoned his waistcoat, pulled it off, before tearing at his shirt, unable to resist the feast presenting to him. They were both pretty omegas, how could he possibly withstand the temptation? It was only just that he would get to benefit from the tryst as well.

With greedy, trembling hands he unbuckled the Italian leather belt, pulled down the zipper of his camel brown cotton linen slacks, yanked them down along with his boxer shorts and tossed them aside, not folding both of them like he always did when coming home.

Noticing the alpha's arrival, Will slowed his fast pace, making Antony whine in protest and dig his nails into Will's back in protest. Both omega's turned their eyes to Hannibal, who had shed off his clothes and gave them both a heated look."Hello," Antony breathed, a mischievous smirk flicking over his face. "I believe we met in Paris.. *Mr Jakov* ..or should I say*, Dr. Lecter* ."

Hannibal's eyes flashed up in response and growled at Antony, baring his teeth. Will flung a warning glance at his mate. "Don't worry, Hannibal. He's not going to give us away."

Hannibal didn't look entirely convinced, but he crawled on the bed anyway, the mattress dipping a bit under his weight as he crouched to kneel behind Will, slapping his leaking dick against Will's wet entrance. The alpha bit softly into the nape of Wil's neck as if he feared that Will would no longer be his. "Naughty boy," he grunted. "Conspiring without asking me for permission." His flat hand spanked Will's bottom repeatedly. The skin reddened slightly.

Will gasped as a stinging pain pulsed in his ass cheeks and at the same time Hannibal's sharp fangs drew tiny crimson droplets from the mating scar. Due to his distraction, he neglected Antony for a moment. Will waited until Hannibal had assumed his position behind him, using the momentum out to pump his cock to full erection again, then slid his cock back into Antony's ass, making Antony let out a yelp.

A guttural growl left Hannibal's throat as he entered Will's slick ass. He moved slowly, giving Will some time to accommodate before pushing in further and further. Will put his head into his neck and whimpered. "Yes, alpha. Please…harder."

The alpha complied and strengthened his efforts. Each thrust sent violent waves of pleasure through Will's body. In response to feeling Hannibal's big cock within him, Will pounded harder into Antony.

"I...oh...it feels so good," Antony whimpered. His body convulsed with tremors as he felt the overstimulation of his body. He came once more and painted Will's belly a second time with his semen.

"Please….it's too much," he moaned, but Hannibal or Will didn't stop until both of them cried out loud as the satisfying wave of pleasure overwhelmed them. Will sensed how the cock inflated within him and filled him up completely. He emitted a satisfied whine.

Antony disentangled himself from Will's body and laid flat on his back on the bed, all limbs stretched from his body, recovering from the physical exertion. His grey-blonde hair clung to his head. He flung a hazy smile at Will, who was currently pressed down into the sheets by Hannibal's body. Will reciprocated his smile. A deep Omegan purr announcing pleasure and satisfaction, similar to that of a lion rolled from his chest. Soon, the Alpha's purr accompanied it. Hannibal kept nuzzling and licking Will's neck with his tongue.

When Hannibal's knot had deflated, Hannibal climbed off Will's body. Will shifted closer to Antony's body. The omega immediately flung himself into Will's arms and Will folded his arms around his back. Hannibal snuggled up to Will from behind, clinging to him in a possessive way. His mind was clearer now. At least, until the next round of mating would commence. The alpha let his maroon eyes wander over Antony's face and body, then shifted his gaze back at Will, contemplating. Maybe he should keep them both. Why not? It would mean double fun in bed. But it depended on whether Antony was a trustworthy person and able to handle his murders. Feeling Hannibal's gaze on him, Antony lifted his head, looked over Will's shoulder and raised his eyebrows in a playful way. "Is there something the matter, *Dottore* ?"

Hannibal's eyes took on a cold, scrutinizing look. He tensed his grip around Will's waist slightly, making Will flinch when the nails dug into his skin. He didn't pay attention, though.

"How much do you know about us?" The alpha asked. " Do you have any idea what you have gotten yourself into?"

Antony scoffed. "I know about your murders as the Chesapeake Ripper. I wonder how many victims you devoured? 40? 50?

He dropped the words casually as if he wasn't bothered by murder and cannibalism in the slightest. This even surprised Will whose jaw slackened.

Hannibal's eyes flashed up. "You speak as if you don't seem to be very scared or concerned about it."

"If I had any honest concerns about morality and ethics, I'd have gone to the *questura* when I saw you in the lecture hall instead of Dr.Fell," Antony said smoothly. "Instead I decided to hook up with Will."

A pleased growl left Hannibal's lips. His hands kept stroking Will's clammy curls absent-mindedly as he talked to Antony.

"And you wouldn't have any issues with joining us during the hunt for our prey?"

Will held his breath and stared at the other omega, wondering what the hell Antony would say to that. Hell, not even he had been willing to do so at the beginning. His whole *Becoming* was still a laborious matter. Hannibal had nearly gutted him, when he had finally defeated his morality and joined him before it was too late. Still, he struggled with it. If Antony answered wrong, he would be Hannibal's breakfast as he wouldn't need someone fainting during one of their murders.

Antony's grin grew wider. A mixture of hunger, curiosity, and greed lay in his eyes.

"Oh, you have no idea how much I look forward to seeing you kill. I have no issues with killing or I wouldn't even be here, as I said." He paused. "Though I'd rather be the lure than to execute murder itself." He paused. "Though I wouldn't hesitate to get my hands dirty."

Hannibal's tongue darted out and licked his lips. To be honest, there was potential in Antony, even if it wasn't nearly as great as Will's. Perhaps he needed to test him first before he deemed him worthy as another omega mate.

"I am very much intrigued," Hannibal replied, smirking. "But we will have to test your loyalty first."

Antony yawned. "But of course. I will do what you request of me." He looked sleepily at Will and Hannibal. "Could we talk about it tomorrow? I want to get some rest now."

Hannibal nodded curtly. "Of course."

Will wasn't feeling tired yet so he let go of Antony."Night, night," Will said and kissed him once again.

Later, Hannibal rose from the bed and returned with lavish plates, containing snails, oysters, and acorns as a little midnight snack. Will stood near the window, gazing down on the roofs of Florence illuminated by the silver light of the full moon and the golden city lights. Hannibal lingered behind him, his arms wrapped around his mate's waist, while occasionally devouring one of the snails and the flesh of the oysters.

“So you want him to kill to see if he’s a worthy mate?” Will asked, leaning behind and nuzzling his neck. “To check his potential?”

“Yes, it’s a test. I want only another worthy mate at your side. Nothing should lessen your splendor.”

A deep purr escaped Will’s throat. He turned back to face him and drew Hannibal into a long kiss, then shoved him away from the window towards the bathroom so as not to disturb their guest.

Antony had watched the Piazza for rude people. In such a famous cizy, there had to be some obnoxious people. Especially muggers or thieves. In the shade, he waited and watched the place for the young beta man that Hannibal had taken a picture of. Soon, he discovered the victim, a young boy, barely twenty, who was about to relieve an elderly couple, just gazing at the statues, off their wallets. He had already successfully stolen a camera. Just when the boy was about to approach, Antony placed his gloved hand on his shoulder.

The young beta flinched and wanted to push him off, but Antony caught his wrist. “I know a place where you can get a lot more money,” he purred into his ear in Italian, entrancing the young beta with his charming and hypnotizing scent. The beta’s eyes dilated almost instantly. As if he was bewitched by magic, he followed Antony across the Piazza and back to Hannibal and Will’s apartment.

A few hours later, a loud knock resounded at the door. Will rose from the chair and carefully approached the door. When he opened it a little bit, a precaution, he recognized Antony standing there with the young black-haired mugger they had watched on the Piazza della Signoria.

“Hello Antony,” Will greeted the fellow omega with a warm smile. He gave the other man, a young, sleek boy with olive skin and black, short hair, who appeared to be bemused, a curt nod. “Come on in.”

He opened the brown door further to allow them into their home. “So this..is this place?” The young mugger asked Antony in Italian. “He’s the rich one?”

Will gave the thief a cool smile. “Oh yes, I am. More than you think.” He shut the door behind them.

Exploiting the distraction, Antony grabbed the white statue from the shelf near the door and hit the young man’s head with it. Knocked unconscious, the young man dropped to the floor with a heavy *thump* . Blood gushed out the head wound and flew wide through the room, staining the floor and the wall.

Hannibal emerged from the shadows, casting a proud glance at Antony.

Antony stood there, straightening his upper body in pride. Hannibal walked up to him and cupped his cheek into his hands. “It seems that we can trust you,” he said.

Bashing his cheek against the palm of his hand, the omega purred and gave him a sly smile. “I told you so.”

Hannibal pressed his lips on Antony's.

Suddenly, when the kiss became more fervent and heated, Antony began to whimper. The feverish smell of heat slick filled the air.

“A..alpha..please, knot me,” Antony whimpered, grinding against Hannibal.

A growl escaped Hannibal. “Of course. I’ll keep all of my promises.”

Understanding that Antony was going into heat, Will let go of them both. Hannibal lifted Antony off the ground. He flung a pleading gaze at Will.

“Will you take care of the corpse and the mess for me, Will?” Hannibal asked, panting as Antony nibbled at his throat.

“Of course, darling,” Will purred. “See you two later.”

Hannibal carried the sweating and writhing Antony into the bedroom to fulfill his promise, to knot and claim him.

After cleaning up and dismembering the corpse, Will entered the bedroom and dropped into the sheets next to Antony. A red crest had formed on the nape of his neck. It was a sign that Antony was part of their family now.

Will kissed the fresh scar and tasted the salt of his feverish sweat with his tongue. “Welcome to the murder family,” Will purred into his ear.

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